

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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ACORNS, SLOES, AND BLACKBERRIES.By **GIBBS GIBB GIBBS, Esq.**

No. 10.

Dr Martin Luther, the celebrated reformer and professor, was born at Isleben, in Saxony, in 1483. His "*Eulogium on Music*" has been published by Dr Forkel, in the second volume of his "*History of Music*." Luther also wrote several choral melodies. Johann Walther, in his epistle, speaks with particular praise concerning the hymns, "*Das grosse Glauben*," also of "*Jesaja dem Propheten*," especially as to the manner in which Luther has adapted the notes to the text. In the fifteen century no difficulty was made in introducing the melodies of profane songs in churches. The music of some of these is attributed to Luther. Luther's psalm-book was at first very small, and in 1524 contained only three sheets. They together contained eight psalms, but with only three melodies. Of these, are yet sung in Germany, No. 1, "*Nun freut euch, liebe Christen*" ("Now Christians, fill your hearts with joy"), but much altered, and "*Es ist das Heil uns kommen her*" ("Salvation now is come to us"). The melody of the eleventh Psalm, "*Salvum me fac*," &c., is likewise in the first edition of Luther, as the psalm is yet found in German choral books. The songs in that collection, "*Ach Gott von Himmel sieh*" ("O God from Heaven look"), "*Es spricht der Unweisen Mund wol*" ("The lips of fools will speak"), and "*Aus tiefer Noth schrey ich zu dir*" ("I call to Thee in deep distress"), must be sung to this same melody of the eleventh Psalm. After Luther's first edition, the number of hymns increased yearly, because he not only wrote thirty more songs for the collection, but other divines did the same. The first edition of the enlarged hymn-book was edited by George Rhau, Joh. Walther, and Babst, in Leipsic, also some later editions, Dresden in 1593, Pommern, 1593, and Eisleben, 1598. Luther was equally fond of figurate descent, which he endeavoured also to promote in the church. This appears from a printed collection of motets, with a preface by him which well deserves to be made public in some musical periodical work. The title is, "*Symphoniae jucunda 4 vocum, seu Motette 52, cum prefatione Mart. Lutheri*," Wittenberg, 1538. In the fourth year of the *Leipz. Mus. Zeit.*, p. 497, is to be found an arrangement of Luther's interesting thoughts on music and science in general; also his remarkable letter to Ludu Seufel, translated from the Latin into German.

J. A. Maresch, born in Bohemia in 1719, was the inventor of the hunting music performed on horns, which has been brought to such perfection in Russia. These horns were all of different lengths and curvatures, each of them meant to produce only a single tone. To execute the most simple piece of harmony, or even a melody, at least twenty musicians are necessary; but the execution is not complete without at least forty performers, often many more being employed. Each of them had only to think of his single tone and to blow it in precise time, and with a force and shading proper to give effect to the passage. This music more resembles the sound of a large organ than any other instrument. In a calm and fine night, it has often been distinctly heard at above four English miles distant.

Marie Martin Martel, Viscomte de Marin, of the family of the Marini, some of which were *doges* of the republic of Genoa, was born at Saint Jean de Luz, near Bayonne, in 1769. He learned music from his father from the early age of four, and at seven composed a sonata for the piano. He studied the harp under Hosbrucker, and it is generally acknowledged that he was soon without an equal on that instrument.

RICHARD WAGNER.

(From the "Times.")

The long dream of Richard Wagner's life seems now on the point of being realized. When, some thirty years ago, he produced *Rienzi* at Dresden, where, through the influence, it is said, chiefly of Meyerbeer, he had been appointed Kapellmeister, he simply gave birth to a showy and pompous reflection of the style of that early friend and model. This was before the *Communication to his Friends*, which forms an introduction to the published poems of *Der Fliegende Holländer*, *Tannhäuser*, and *Lohengrin*—before, according to his own confession, Wagner became "a poet;" before he had laid down the theory which attributed the want of emotional impulse in "the present" to a prevalent zeal for the "monumental;" and, in his famous treatise, *Das Kunstwerk der Zukunft*, explained to his friends that the true artist could only unfold himself in a purely dramatic sense in conformity to the possible life of the "future." He, thereupon, had recourse to the *mythos* as his medium of expression; and the result appeared successively in the three above-named works. Not absolutely satisfied, however, with these, at least in regard to their alliance with music, Wagner strove more fully to exemplify his doctrine by the aid of still remoter myths, and the outcome of this new endeavour appeared in *Tristan und Isolde* (or *Iseult*, the "Belle Isonde" of our own *Mort d'Arthur*), *Rheingold*, and the trilogy of the *Nibelungen*. These, the last offspring of Wagner's genius, were imagined and developed in so unaccustomed and colossal a form that the difficulty of getting them represented in accordance with his preconceived notions seemed at first insurmountable. Wagner was well aware of the fact, though not by any means dismayed. How incessantly, and with what astonishing energy, he has written and laboured for the accomplishment of an object upon the attainment of which he believed, and believes, conscientiously no doubt, depends the resuscitation of German art, in the shape through which alone, he protests, it ought to be exhibited, we need hardly say. His own literary works, backed up by those of his many enthusiastic disciples, have for a long period absorbed the attention of the reading musical public. Not to pay heed to them was barely possible, their vigorous eloquence and acuteness of investigation being in a great measure irresistible. A more uncompromising and self-satisfied preacher than Wagner could scarcely be cited from the records of art-controversy, or a stauncher and more resolute set of followers than those who advocate his cause. Whatever arguments may be brought forward in antagonism to his one fixed idea, it cannot be denied that he has succeeded in fascinating and winning a large number of earnest thinkers, who preach Wagnerism as an art-religion, and stand by him resolutely for weal or for woe. These proselytes, it should be understood, thoroughly acquainted with his revolutionary projects and his habitually emphatic manner of supporting them, insist upon Wagner, the whole Wagner, and nothing but Wagner. As obstinate as their master, they are wise in their consistency; for, to accept Wagner by halves, or, indeed, with any special reservation, would be equivalent to not accepting him at all. He, in fact, tolerates no modification in his theory, no variation in his method of carrying it out, regarding it (to employ the quaint phrase of Shelley, in *Julian and Maddalo*) as "refutation-tight." He has told us in his preface to the *Ring der Nibelungen* that the German operatic theatre, as it exists and has existed, is "the worst public institute"—a branch of art that has hitherto degraded instead of elevating. The purifying and converting power of his *Lohengrin*, he adds, referring to its first performance in Vienna, produced an entire revulsion of taste, and emboldened Herr Eckert, the conductor ("a man of artistic mind") to revive serious works which had long disappeared before the enervated judgment of the public. Nevertheless, according to Edward Hanslick, the well-known Viennese critic, the "serious works" which immediately followed *Lohengrin*, as novelties, were simply the *Reine Topaz* (Massé), the *Rose of Castile* (Balfe), *Diana von Solonge* (Duke Ernest), the *Trovatore*, and *Rigoletto*. Whether *Lohengrin* this year in London exercised the same influence with

which Wagner credits it at Vienna has yet to be proved. The work was successful beyond dispute, but its success in no way damaged the popularity of operas by other composers—from Mozart to Rossini and Auber, from Beethoven to Donizetti and Bellini. Nor can we understand why, because *Lohengrin* raised a certain degree of excitement, that it should act thus prejudicially on art-works of a very different calibre.

But to leave speculative digression: as has already been suggested, the realization of Wagner's poetic and artistic dream seems near at hand; that is, in so far as a series of model performances, aided by advantages not very likely to be of frequent occurrence, may help towards it. *Tristan und Isolde*, which, by the way, was composed ibetween the second and third parts of the *Nibelungen*—an episode as it were—had already been tried and found practicable; and this notwithstanding the formidable difficulties which, except under unusually favourable circumstances, must always militate against a perfect representation of the drama and a perfect execution of the music. But now comes the *Ring der Nibelungen*, "a dramatic festival play," (*Buhnen Festspiel*) "for three days and a preliminary evening." This extraordinary production, as the same Hanslick, with a slight touch of exaggeration, says, "holds the same position relatively to *Lohengrin* as the Falls of Niagara to a glass of water." A performance of the *Ring der Nibelungen*, on the grandest scale, is to come off in the summer of 1876 at the new theatre which the composer, with assiduous perseverance, has contrived to get erected at Bayreuth, where, with a view, it may be surmised, to the eventful occasion, he has for some time taken up his abode and built himself a house. The preparatory rehearsals—preparatory because it is understood that the months of June and July next year will be exclusively devoted to rehearsals of the work in its integrity—have been going on at Bayreuth, under Wagner's immediate supervision, since the middle of last month. The *Ring der Nibelungen* consists of a so-called "trilogy," ushered in (descending from great things to small) by a "prologue," like Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia*. Unlike *Lucrezia Borgia*, however, the *Ring* exacts four days in performance, being divided into four plays, or dramas, the one growing sequentially out of the other. The ancient Germanic legend, derived from the Icelandic "Sagas," and known to those versed in literary lore as the *Nibelungenlied*, was a theme only possible to a bold and original thinker, to a man of inventive genius, and to a true-born poet. Even the fiercest opponents of his musical theories, who stand up for music as an independent art, and protest against the dogmatic assertion in *Oper und Drama* that "music is a woman" ("Die Musik ist ein Weib"), and, therefore, dependent upon man ("the poet"), will hardly question the fact that Richard Wagner is all these. Many of his sincerest admirers declare that his poetical dramas want no music to complete them—that, in fact, they are complete in themselves; and for this *dictum*, if not ample justification, at least a fair show of reason may be adduced. It might also be suggested that the "Weib," when, by espousing the poet, she fulfils the object of her existence, becomes somewhat garrulous, often noisy, occasionally a veritable Xantippe, if the quantity and quality of the music with which Wagner illustrates his dramas be taken into consideration. Thus much admitted, however, the *Nibelungenring*, after the manner in which he has handled the subject, is a creation standing apart from ordinary art work. Here the rules laid down by Wagner as those by which the future destinies of the operatic drama should and must be guided are adhered to with uncompromising severity. To select excerpts, with the object of making stock in trade of this or that especial passage, is out of the power of the most experienced manufacturer of "variations," &c., for the pianoforte or any other instrument. We must take the whole, or leave it untouched. The four parts of which the drama is composed are alike safe from depredations of the kind. *Rheingold* (the preamble), the *Walküre*, *Siegfried*, and *Götterdämmerung* are one and all of a piece. Of this any amateur or musician may convince himself by a perusal of the vocal scores with pianoforte accompaniment, which are now published and accessible. True, Wagner carries out "to the bitter end" his avowed disdain for the

traditional laws of "tone-families," which govern the relations of keys to each other; and this, which to many would appear equivalent to doing away with the relations of colours to each other in a sister art, alone suffices to arouse the jealousy of a large majority, who have been used to look at art from quite another point of view. It also encourages a wide-spreading belief that he is a far greater dramatic poet than he is a musician. On the other hand, the nature of his themes, and his peculiar way of developing them, are such that Wagner may put forward a more or less reasonable plea on his own behalf. According to a zealous disciple, he has selected, for his modern art work, these legends, wrapped in clouds of darkness, inasmuch as they represent "the pure symbol of primeval forces, while we are the compounds of successive generations." This, nevertheless, in one who avowedly aims at portraying, through dramatic agency, the probable life of the "future" appears somewhat inexplicable. Admitting that the "present," apart from the "monumental," is chiefly "fashion," sham, and barrenness; that everything achieved up to this time is more or less faulty, the greater portion worse than faulty: how can Wagner, who holds that with the advance of time and change of epochs we have become worse and worse, reckon upon his cherished "future" for better things—and these brought about materially through the scenic apparition, accompanied by unearthly music of the gods, demi-gods, goddesses, gnomes, and heroes of a mystic past? Is he a prophet? One would be inclined to think so.

THE FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY MEMORIAL.

The Association founded in 1868 for the purpose of erecting a Monument to Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, in Leipzig, have determined to resume their operations, which were interrupted by the war and other circumstances. They now begin by informing the public that, for the object in view, the sum total of 6051 marks has been subscribed up to the present time. This amount, which at interest has gradually increased to 8700 marks, is invested in the four per cent. Preference Shares of the Leipzig Dresden Railway Loan of 1866. Moreover, the Leipzig Concert Committee, as far back as the 11th March 1868, in grateful acknowledgment of the important services rendered by Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy to the institution of the Gewandhaus Concerts and to the cause of music generally in Leipzig, voted a capital of 3000 Marks for the Monument, binding themselves to pay the Association this sum together with the interest therefrom accruing, "as soon as the Monument was taken in hand." Thus, at the present moment, there are about 12,600 marks available for the project. Since, however, this is not sufficient for the erection of a Monument worthy of, and corresponding to, the importance of so great a composer, the undersigned Association hereby once more call upon all Friends, Admirers, and Pupils of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, to assist the project by subscriptions, and other suitable means. All Concert-Societies and Vocal Associations, in Germany and abroad, are especially requested to get up performances for the above purpose, and forward the receipts to the Association.

The special list of the subscriptions already received may be seen on application to the treasurer of the Association, Herr Alderman Raymond Härtel, (of the firm of Breitkopf and Härtel), in this town, and it is requested that all further contributions to the Monument may be forwarded to that gentleman.

THE ASSOCIATION FOR THE ERECTION OF A MENDELSSOHN MONUMENT IN LEIPZIG.

Leipzig, July, 1875.

THE third and last of the subscription concerts, arranged by Mr W. Haynes, was held, by kind permission of the Rev. A. Faber, in the large hall at the College, Malvern. The programme included three songs by Mr E. Lloyd. He was encored in two of them. He also took part in a duet with Miss Katherine Poyntz. Mdm Thaddæus Wells (piano) and Mr Nicholson (flute) played two duets. Mr Nicholson played a flute *obbligato* with one of Mdm Thaddæus Wells's songs. Signor Federici sang well, both in his solos and in the concerted pieces. The other vocalists, Miss Katherine Poyntz and Miss Alice Fairman did good service in the harmonized pieces. Mr A. C. Nicholson was conductor and pianist.

BERLIN.

(From a Correspondent.)

One of the novelties this season at the Royal Operahouse is to be *Tristan und Isolde*. During his recent visit to Bayreuth Herr von Hülse, the Intendant-General, requested Herr Wagner to conduct the first performance himself, and Herr Wagner promised that he would do so. It is to be hoped that the members of the *Hofcapelle* of his Majesty, Wilhelm, King of Prussia and Emperor of Germany, are less recalcitrant and more sensible than their colleagues, the members of the orchestra at the Grand Opera, Paris, who recently refused to follow the beat of M. Gounod's *Idon*, when one of that gentleman's works was performed for the benefit of the *Inondés*. But there is not much fear. The German instrumentalists are made of different stuff to their French brethren in sweet sounds, and, if they were not, Prussian discipline extends beyond the barrack-yard and parade-ground.

Apropos of Bayreuth, Herr Niemann has left that now celebrated town rather sooner than was expected. He has been here since the 1st inst., though his *Urlaub*, or leave of absence, does not expire until September the 1st. "But how about the rehearsals of the *Ring der Nibelungen*?" the reader will naturally enquire. To this I make answer that the rehearsals must take care of themselves; as far as Herr Niemann is concerned. He packed up his trunks and was off at a moment's notice, having previously sent back his part. The cause of his abrupt exodus is said to be a misunderstanding with Mad. Wagner. Who will replace him? At present this is not known, but some vocal Marcus Curtius will no doubt fling himself into the gap. It will be interesting to read what Herr Wagner says in his next "Communication" to his "Friends," and the public at large, regarding the fugitive tenor.

Herr Taglioni, Royal ballet director, will celebrate, on the 4th of next November, the fiftieth anniversary of his connection with the Royal Operahouse. There are to be grand doings in honour of the event. Talking of anniversaries reminds me of one kept on the 3rd of this month, by Herr G. Reichardt, who is at present a resident here, to celebrate the day on which, half a century ago, his setting of Arndt's verses beginning: "Was ist das deutsche Vaterland?" was sung for the first time. A military band played a number of pieces under his window, early in the morning, while congratulations, oral and written, succeeded each other all day. The *Liedertafel* of Hanover sent the Anniversarian—allow me to coin a much needed word—a beautifully written diploma of honorary membership.

At Kroll's Theater Herr Nachbaur has added the character of Masaniello in Auber's opera of *La Muette*, to the other characters sustained by him during his present engagement. I have not been able to see him in the part, but all the persons who have spoken to me on the subject, and the majority of the papers, praise him highly. The *Echo*, however, is of a different opinion, which it expresses thus:

"Herr Nachbaur, Royal Bavarian Chamber Singer, was the Masaniello. We must repeat what we have already said, namely: that, on this occasion, he does not come up to his great reputation, since he has scarcely appeared once without being indisposed. Whether the enthusiastic notices of the critics in other parts of Germany, concerning the natural gifts of Herr Nachbaur, and what he did, were formerly justified, is a question we will not attempt to decide. Leaving his singing entirely out of consideration, we do not like the coarse realism with which he incarnates the character of Masaniello, so different from the idealism with which Theodor Formes, an artist in many respects never to be forgotten, raised, when in his prime, with perfect aesthetic and dramatic propriety, the folk's hero above his actual social sphere. Such a mode of conceiving and carrying out the part is altogether foreign to the Bavarian singer, in whom we can praise only the decorative sharpness of the outlines with which he sketches and then fills in the part. We may add that the tone-colour of his powerful voice agrees with the plump reality of his impersonation. His pronunciation of the text was exemplary; his intonation not undeserving blame; and his manner of singing naturalistic rather than artistic."

Variety, they say, is charming, but the observations of the *Echo* may, perhaps, when compared with the utterances of the other papers, strike Herr Nachbaur as an exception to this apothegm.

BARCELONA.—I *Promessi Sposi*, by Sig. Ponchielli, is announced for the 26th inst., at the Novedades.

Anna Bishop.

(From the "Daily Evening Post.")

"England," said Mendelssohn, sentimentally, "has given three great singers to Italy, Clara Novello, Catherine Hayes, and Anna Bishop." The writer, then a wee lad—for this was in those old days of the early "forties," when gold had not been found in California, and the first of the pioneers had not started for the new El Dorado—pricked up his ear and catching the amiable great man by the elbow, some minutes afterward, when the guests were gone, and no one left in the room but the musician, the piano, and the then innocent individual who pens these lines, said, "Who is Anna Bishop? Miss Hayes I heard when I was in Ireland, and mamma took me to hear Clara Novello in *Sappho*, a long time ago, but I have not heard Anna Bishop," and the musician, the

Gentlest and most kind of men,

a child at heart himself, and a lover of children to his dying day, sat at his piano, and in mock recitative, with full chords (where the hyphens come hereafter), said: "Anna Bishop is the great composer's 'pretty Jane'—that is, his wife—and if you are good you shall hear her in *Tancredi*." The impatient hearer was contented with the promise, but he was fated not to hear Madam in *Tancredi* for years, not, in fact, until he was familiar with every note of her wonderful voice in everything else that she did sing. They were a grand trio—women with the staunch, lasting English physique, plus the glorious Italian training, a combination that makes extraordinary singers. These three upheld their supremacy when there was no lack of prima-donnas, and when the singers who now command

One thousand dollars per night

would have had to be content with that per month. The first, Clara Novello, belonged to a family who were all talented, all good, and all devoted to the cause of artistic truth. Her eldest sister, Mary Cowden Clarke, is the author of the Concordance to Shakspeare, and the editor of the best literary edition of the poet's works known to the world—that published by Appleton & Co., of New York, in 1863. Clara Novello had a noble voice, rich, smooth, velvety, and perfectly trained. She was hardly impassioned enough for opera, but just fervent enough for oratorio; her style was intensely devotional and her singing of "I know that my Redeemer liveth" was like the rapt expression of a saint's faith. She retired finally in 1860, being then barely 40 years of age, and in the fullest possession of all her glorious powers. Poor Catherine Hayes, who died prematurely in 1862, at the early age of thirty-six, had travelled the world over, and had carried her sweet voice and innocent manner unchanged through all triumphs and trials. She was so excessively nervous that she seldom did herself real justice, for the least *contretemps* would make her quite unfit to tread the stage, and though invariably mistress of her part, and of her unequalled voice, she felt any displeasure that was expressed concerning her fellow artists as keenly as if she had been fated to be hissed, which indeed she never was. She was possessed of a singularly pure, light soprano voice, and of a refined dramatic style that rendered her the best exponent of her day of such characters as Lucia and Amina, and probably of the present day also; for, in spite of the writer's penchant for the exquisite Lucia of Nilsson, the first notes of the lovely solo where the Scottish beauty awaits her lover, brings back the memory of twenty-five years ago, and of a slender figure with pale face and hair of fair gold, whose melting tones brought silence among even the gabblers of Fops' Alley, as the lounge under the pit boxes of the old Italian opera used to be called. Ah! how distant those times seem now.

Clara Novello

is living among the Palaces of Florence, star of a society that numbered once amongst its bright galaxy the Brownings, Landor, and others great in poetry. Catherine Hayes has "gone over to the majority," and sleeps in Kensal Green, and Anna Bishop remains the last of that great school of vocalists which began with Storace nearly a hundred years ago. Oh, the memories that come with that neat figure as it trips on to the stage! The recollections of triumphs won when Grisi and Viardot, Alboni and Cruvelli, Lind and Persiani were acknowledged queens of song! Of tales of adventure and travel, of peril by

flood and field, of wreck, robbery and danger! Of all these and more survived and conquered, until admiration of pluck and endurance grows until it would almost forgive vocal deficiencies did they exist.

Madam Anna Bishop's Singing

is a thing to be watched and studied. The secret of her success is in her method. No voice, however naturally beautiful, can last if it be badly trained or badly managed, and if any ambitious young lady wishes to preserve her voice for a whole lifetime, she must do as Madam Bishop does; that is, open her mouth and let the sound come clear from the larynx, without affectation or hindrance. Even Madam's companions hardly appreciate this truth, and Mr Gottschalk, especially, keeps his magnificent voice rumbling in the back of his throat, or in the region of his palate, being apparently afraid to let his mouth look wider than a teaspoon. Madam has been singing in public ever since 1837, and her method is as good now as it was then. Her voice is a little tired. She probably overtakes herself, but otherwise there is no change since these twenty years. Dejazet, who is seventy-seven years of age, still sings as well as she ever did, though her voice is thin; and so, if she choose to remain on the stage so long, will Anna Bishop. Madam was born in 1814, and married in 1831 Sir Henry Bishop, composer of "The Cough and Crow," "Tramp Chorus," "Pretty Jane," "Pilgrim of Love," "Home, Sweet Home," and countless glees, songs, and ballads. In 1837 she began her public appearances at the provincial musical festivals in England. In 1845 she reigned supreme as an opera queen; in 1848 she first tried her luck in America, and now, after

Five-and-twenty Years of Travel

and good fortune, she elects to begin her farewell trip here. Her mezzo-voice singing is still superb; her upper notes clear, sweet, and resonant; her scales and shakes brilliant and facile, and her figure, gestures, attitudes and expression exactly, precisely, and entirely like what they were when first she made her bow in America. If this be really what we hope it is not—her farewell trip—we can only counsel every one who wishes to know what good singing is to go and hear her.

A PASTORAL.

A little rill beneath my feet,
An oak on either side me,
The setting sun, in golden sheet,
Just showed a path to guide me.
A vista opening 'tween the trees,
Where lambs did sportive play,
The murmuring hum of laden bees,
The scent of new-mown hay.
The honeysuckle, eglantine,
The sweet clematis flower,
Together here did all combine
To make this sweetest bower.
I laid me down beside the brook,
And watched the rippling bubbles,
My thoughts from out the world I
took,
Its cares and all its troubles.

The brook seemed thus a thought to
shape.
As ever on and gliding.
The wavelets seemed a voice to make.
As if they would be chiding.
Oh, busy town! they seemed to say,
Far from your noise and "hum"
I wander on in sportive play,
While to the sea I run.
Through park and meadow on I go;
My time it passes gaily;
Neither fast nor yet too slow,
My music making daily.
O learn a lesson, mortals, do!
Waste not your time in strife;
Be only to yourselves but true,
And learn the music of my life.
I. G.

THE BRIGHTON ROYAL AQUARIUM.—At the afternoon concert on Saturday last Miss Mandsley sang "It was a dream" and "The Erl King," and also joined Signor Adelma-Wilrington in the duet, "Una notte a Venezia." Signor Adelma-Wilrington sang "The Shades of Evening" and "Vive tu te ne scongiuro." Further variety was afforded by some solos on the violin by Mr J. Niedzielski, and on the piano by Signor Romano; while, under Mr Reyloff's skilful conductorship, the band of the establishment contributed its full share to the pleasures of the concert. In the evening the same artists again appeared, and gained successes equal to those of the afternoon. Every evening this week, and yesterday afternoon, Mdme Pettit has been achieving fresh laurels by her skilful use of the charming soprano voice with which she is gifted. Her songs, too, have been judiciously chosen, and, altogether, her engagement must be pronounced a success.—*Brighton Gazette*, Thursday, 12th August.

THE AMERICAN REVIVALISTS.

(Concluded from page 550.)

Surely the wisest and ablest religious teacher among us need not be above inquiring into the causes of the success (call it "success in the low sense," if he please) of these two, in most senses, untaught men? It may sound well to say that large congregations are not the great end of preaching, as undoubtedly they are not, but a congregation of some kind is the first preliminary of preaching; you must have people to preach to, and, granted other conditions, the larger the congregation the better, we should say. There is much in the proceedings which must ever be abhorrent to the feeling of many persons distinguished at once for purity and refinement of taste. There will not long be much sympathy, we hope, on this side of the Atlantic with several of the circumstances of this Revivalism. We must censure alike the theatrical act of sinners standing up to be viewed at once by the saints and by the greater sinners who have not arrived at the point of exhibiting themselves as reprobates; those sudden conversions; and those (to our view) most obnoxious "Inquiry Rooms," at the doors of which stand smirking men, asking the outgoing people if "Christ is precious to them" (we heard one such man ask this very question of two or three little girls, who knew no more what he meant than if he had spoken Greek). Nor do we reprobate less the scattering about broadcast of the photographs of the Revivalists. It is hard, indeed, to know on what ground a man like Mr Moody can allow this to pass without stern reproof, especially when he preaches of the meek Moses, and remembers that of the Great Master we have no acknowledged portrait. Whatever may be said to the contrary, the photographs have been used as advertisements on a large scale, and with an effect altogether unhealthy. Mr Moody ought to give this up, as a sin of pride into which he has unwittingly fallen. There is much, we say, to condemn in these services, much that, as time goes on, even the most ardent admirers of the Revivalists among reasonable people will condemn. Perhaps before Mr Moody and his friend reach home a reaction will have set in to the extent of a disapproval of much in their manner of teaching. It will come to be remembered that the preacher, even when most fervid, laid less stress on purity of life, on "holiness before the Lord," on that grand duty which some think embodies all others, the duty of Sacrifice, upon honesty, upon integrity, than upon some charm he finds in such words as "Come unto Me," &c. We do not mean that Mr Moody does not hold up and exemplify these Christian virtues. He does the former, and may do the latter. We do say that the effect of his teaching is to push the Christian virtues to the background, that all attention may be directed to his central fact that "faith in Christ can be had this moment," and "can this moment save the worst sinner" and make of him a saint. Mr Moody's friends will not dispute this. They do not want, any more than the old Covenanters wanted, "Mere morality sermons." It is pleasant to them to feel, as Cromwell is said (after much struggling) to have felt at last, that, "once in grace, it is impossible to fall away." "I know that I was in grace once," the dying hero is reported to have said. Bunyan, however, had greater difficulty than our Revivalists. He had Bulls of Bashan, and worse bulls, to fight before the question was settled for him; and so will it be while men remain on earth. Let us do Mr Moody the justice here to admit, and we admit it with pleasure, that, so far as we can see, he has owed little to the "terrors of the law." The gospel he preaches is one of "glad tidings." His Christ is "waiting to be gracious." His theme in the main is the boundless compassion of the Saviour, not the terror of hell. It will, however, be for religious teachers themselves to draw a moral from what they have seen, and, after they have disapproved much, we think they will find much to learn. There cannot be a doubt that the Revivalists have scattered truths where truths are few and falsehoods powerful. It is an error to say that they have not reached the lower strata of the life of London and of our large towns generally. It is no opinion, but a fact that they have done so. Can we bring ourselves actually to say that harm has been done, if depraved men or women, rich or poor, have been led even to think of a higher life? The men have gone into all manner of places, have invited the rich, have pleaded with the poor, have blundered as to ticket arrangements, and have made "the right and the wrong"

to blend in a unity which, as a fact in human life, may be either approved or disapproved, contemned or criticized, but which cannot be ignored. We hope Mr Moody will not become vain of what he has done, and of his large meetings and his great numbers of supporters. If he escape that, he may yet (he is quite a young man) do much good. Faith and singleness of purpose can never be other than of value. But to be fêted and caressed is to face a greater danger than that of being told to give up all attempts to make a speech. Mr Moody has overcome the second, the lesser danger; but when we look at his photographs in the shop windows and hear of his confident assertions, we are not at all sure that he is likely to escape the first, the greater. We hope he will learn in time that much of what he says would not stand any test of criticism. He classes as sin much that is innocent, and as saints many who would hardly make a heaven upon earth. But, on the other hand, and looking at the movement as a whole, if he can bring people, whether from crowded alleys or elsewhere to live useful lives, we, at all events, should not care to say him nay.

JOHN HULLAH SPEAKS.*

(Concluded from page 550.)

The difficulties of the musical instructors in the training colleges arising from the want of preparatory training of students are, as I have already stated, great. They are largely increased from another cause—the varieties of ways in which those having any musical skill on entry have been trained. I have been surprised to find that the teachers have in some cases allowed students to continue practising on methods not approved by themselves or sanctioned by the college authorities. It would be hard to say whether such a course of proceeding was likely to be more injurious to the music of a training school, as throwing difficulty in the way of the teacher, or to its morale, as fostering conceit in the pupils. Whatever be the method of instruction in a training college, the students should be required during their term of studentship to adopt it; first for the sake of discipline, which the student surely must conform to before he can enforce; and, secondly, because the method which the teacher thinks the best is the best for him, simply because he believes in it and is most familiar with it.

The results of my individual examinations of students in practical skill are exhibited in an appendix.

I am unwilling to bring this report to an end without some reference to a matter inseparably, though indirectly, connected with it—the inspection of the work for which students in training colleges are continually in preparation, the teaching of music in elementary schools. It is well ascertained that there is hardly a school in Great Britain wherein singing, of some kind, does not now "form part of the course of instruction"—evidence, at least, of the estimate of the subject on the part of school managers, as a means of moral discipline. That your Lordships concur in this estimate has been recently and markedly shown in the New Code, wherein the grant for musical instruction is made contingent on singing being "satisfactorily taught"—a condition which will assuredly be heartily welcomed by all interested in the subject.

Hitherto, singing "by ear" has been accepted as "singing," and the preparation of twelve songs as "teaching singing." It is to be hoped that this obviously provisional, and for a time inevitable, condition of things will soon be brought to an end. Whatever its value as "a means of moral discipline," singing "by ear," regarded from a musical point of view, is simply worthless. That the possession of ninety-nine songs got "by ear," will not enable the possessor to add another to the number by any independent effort of his own is obvious. The process of learning them in this way adds nothing to the power of the learner. It is absolutely sterile, and ends with itself. On the other hand, the least skill in reading music, and the least acquaintance with musical science—and some of both may be given to every child who remains even a year at school—might easily, with subsequent opportunity, be developed, and has often been developed into a means of innocent and even ennobling recreation.

* Report, for the year 1874, by John Hullah, Esq., Inspector of Music, on the examination in music of the students of training colleges in Great Britain.

The natives of some parts of Great Britain—e.g., of Lancashire, the West Riding of Yorkshire, and South Wales—have shown that musical skill and science are not unattainable by those whose means and whose leisure are alike limited. What is even more satisfactory, is the fact that this skill is, as a rule, brought to bear on the noblest music—the concerted music of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn—uniformly illustrative of and connected with the noblest themes.

Teaching songs "by ear," whatever it may be, is not teaching music. On the contrary, it is a serious hindrance to doing so, both as respects scholars and school. As respects the former, experience shows that those who have been longest in the habit of singing by ear are the slowest to apply themselves to singing by note; while, as respects the latter, the preparation thus of any considerable number of songs, absorbing, as it often will, the whole time available for music in a given school, leaves none for dealing with the subject thoroughly.

I very earnestly and respectfully pray your Lordships to take into consideration the pressing and increasing need there is for the inspection of such teaching—not of songs, but—of music as is already carried on in many elementary schools, and which, if recognized, would soon make its way into many more. The machinery available for such inspection is already considerable. By turning it to account for the application of some uniform practical tests, like those to be applied next Christmas to the candidates for admission to training colleges, a fair estimate would be arrived at of what is being done for music in elementary schools throughout the country, and a stimulus be given to the subject which would prove of inestimable value to the people.

I have the honour to be, &c., JOHN HULLAH.

To the Right Honourable
The Lords of the Committee of Council on Education.

MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.*

(From a Correspondent.)

The concert given at the Etablissement on Friday by Sinico, Dimeric-Lablache, Campobello, and Bettini, was, of course, a great success. That it was so is a fact; but a rumour had been abroad that these great artists were so "used up" by their efforts during the London season, that it would be a great extra effort on their part to please the fastidious and critical public of Boulogne-sur-Mer. They gave a second concert on Sunday, at the same building, in the afternoon, which was well attended. It would be useless for me to say anything about the singing of these well-known artists or of the well-known *morceaux* they selected to delight their crowded audiences on each occasion. Suffice it only to add that it was a great treat for the Boulonnais to hear well-known pieces given by such artists, who are better known in other towns than Boulogne-sur-Mer. Mdlle Boulanger has played once at the Etablissement, and received great applause for her performance of a difficult fantasia on airs from *La Juive*. This really talented and young violinist seems to have made great progress since last year; and I trust she may meet with as much applause when she appears in London—I hear, she soon will at the Covent Garden Concerts—as she has already here. She gives a concert here on the 10th inst., which I am sure will be well attended.

The season begins to make visitors of every sort and kind flock to our shores. One can judge so by the crowded audiences at the theatre to listen to such operas as *La Favorite*, *Les Huguenots*, *Faust* (three representations), *Le Barbier*, *Trouvère*, *Guillaume Tell*, which have been played during the last fortnight to crowded houses. M. Lemaître seems happier in his mind, in consequence, and is sanguine of the success he well deserves. Of his artists, I would mention with special praise Mdlle Nelly, who is now quite at home among us, and is a most useful and graceful member of his troupe. The *Barbier* went especially well, thanks to her acting, and that of M. Benaben, who undertook the title rôle. He is not unknown to us, having sung here four years ago, and also for a short time last year. He is a good actor, as well as an accurate singer—combined necessary acquirements for this rôle. M. Charelli also, as Almaviva, gave entire satisfaction. Mdlle Soustelle, in *Le Trouvère*, was excellent; being a *forte chanteuse*, she played the

* Through press of matter, the above letter from our esteemed correspondent was unavoidably "crowded out" last week.

part, and sang the music allotted to the character of Azucena, with force and ability. Her impersonation of Marguerite in *Faust* left something to be desired.

The concerts at the Etablissement Kioske attract crowds from 8 to 9 p.m. three times a week. M. Lefebure, the able conductor, seems to have improved his band this year, and he himself has composed several eccentric pieces, which are generally given at the end of the programme. One is an especial favourite; it is entitled *Le Polka du Bébé*, and consists of an ordinary polka, into which are introduced, at intervals, those charming (?) cries of an infant, so well known to good husbands about 3 a.m., and to neighbours all day long, when possibly a little administration of a small doze of Dill-water and patting on the back, or Mr. ———'s soothing-syrup would do more good than anything else. Whether they hire a real live infant for the occasion, *hide it in the orchestra*, and pinch it when required to speak, or whether the reed instrumentalists perform on their reeds without their instruments, at proper times, I do not know.

The Skating Rink is finished, and soon the band of the Société Musicale will perform three times a week, in a newly-erected kioske. I dare say the favourite air will be the celebrated valse from *La Fille de Mme Angot*, "*Tournez Tournez*," which will encourage the *patineurs* to cut figures of 3 and 8, and otherwise display their agility. So great is the attraction of the Rink, that a new French verb has been created, and universally adopted: "*Rinker*"—"Je rinke, Tu rinkes, Il rinke, Nous rinkous," &c. A song *à propos*, "*Voulez-vous rinker, Mdlle?*" is said to be soon forthcoming, arranged to a well-known old tune alluding to Terpsichorean performances.

A Monster Fête took place at the Tintilleries Gardens on Sunday evening last, at which some thousands of people assisted, including many of our compatriots. It was very brilliant and amusing.

Prospective events:—the Patti Concert, on Monday, Aug. 9th, at the Etablissement. At the theatre, *La Fille du Régiment*, on Saturday; *La Reine de Chypre* in rehearsal; Maillart's *Dragons de Villars* to-morrow.

First verse of song alluded to, wet from the press, and "copyright:"—

"Who rocked me in his arms to sleep?
And walked the room awake to keep?
Although my mother's sleep was deep—
My father."

4th August, 1875.

X. T. R.

I must write you just a line this week to assure you of the great success of the concert given last night at the Etablissement by Mdlle Carlotta Patti avec le concours de Mdlle Elena Sanz (contralto du San Carlo, de Naples), MM. Theodore Ritter et Alexandre Batta. Mdlle Patti sang with even more than her usual good taste. Her sweet rendering of the songs and parts she took in duos electrified the crowd of Boulonnais who came to hear her. M. Theodore Ritter also made a great impression, and elicited hearty applause for his excellent performances on the pianoforte. I need hardly add that both these artists had several recalls and encores. Mdlle Sanz, whose fine contralto voice told well in our beautiful temple dedicated to the Muses, and M. Batta's executions on the violoncello, contributed much to the success of the evening.

10th August, 1875.

X. T. R.

MAD. WAGNER AND HERR NIEMANN.

(Extract from a private letter.)

Mad. Cosimo, wife of R. Wagner, has had a difference with Herr Niemann, the tenor, and Herr Betz. She insisted on correcting these artists and ordering them about the stage. The former declared he would not obey anyone save the *maestro*. As Mad. Cosimo still persevered in giving her objectionable commands, Herr Niemann left the stage, went to his hotel, packed up his trunks, and started for Berlin. There has been a quarrel, also, with the costumier, who said to Herr Wagner: "You will have to take the costumes in hand yourself, for I will not make them, if I am continually interfered with." As he was continually interfered with, he likewise left, and Herr R. Wagner is, for the moment, his own costumier.

HALLE.—The Singakademie, assisted by Mdlle Krienitz, from Gotha, lately gave a very successful performance of the oratorio of *Belshazzar*, by Halle's illustrious son, Handel.

NOTICE.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1875.

UP to a period not only within the memory of the present generation, but within the memory of the very juvenile section of that generation, Bayreuth was not a place known to the general public. But it has, so to speak, now awoken and found itself famous. Not long since it was by no means unusual to meet with persons beyond the magic pale of the Royal Geographical Society, though in very good society for all that, entertaining a vague, dreamy notion that Bayreuth was in the East, and once bombarded by Admiral Sir Charles Napier, or some other British admiral. Bayreuth, however, is quickly but surely emerging from obscurity. Ere this globe of ours has again reached the place it now occupies in the Ecliptic, those enterprising guides of modern travel, Messrs Cook and Gaze, will have taken Bayreuth under their patronage, and then it will bask in the glare of concentrated publicity. And to whom is all this due? To Herr Richard Wagner, who has selected a site in the old town for the erection of his Grand-National-Festival-Stage-Play Theatre, where his *Nibelungen-Trilogy*, with a Preparatory Evening, is to be enacted next August.

Twelve years ago, we published a translation of an article upon the subject, from the talented pen of Dr Hanslick. The article might almost have been written yesterday. As we think it may interest our Readers, we subjoin it in *extenso* :—

RICHARD WAGNER'S NIBELUNGEN.*

A short time since, when, referring to the ceremony of laying the first stone of the new Operahouse here, in Vienna, we suggested that there should be an extraordinary performance supported by the most eminent singers to be found all over Germany, we did not suspect that we agreed in this pet idea of ours with no less a personage than Richard Wagner. That gentleman, like ourselves, urges a grand congress of all the vocal celebrities of Germany, though, it is true, he and we have a somewhat different object in view; we desire to witness a model performance of the best classical operas, while Wagner, on the other hand, wishes to have such a one of his *Nibelungen*.

A small book, newly published, and as elegant in its thickness as a book of 443 pages can be, supplies us with detailed information on this head. The book is called *Der Ring der Nibelungen*; in *Bühnen-Fest-spiel für drei Tage und einen Vorabend*, von Richard Wagner. (*The Ring of the Nibelungen*; a Grand Stage Play for three Days and a Preparatory Evening, by Richard Wagner.) Published by J. J. Weber, Leipzig. An opera which lasts nearly half a week is no everyday matter, and we must therefore feel thankful to the author for himself enlightening the world, by means of a long preface, on so comprehensive a production. The four pieces composing this huge dramatic series are entitled: 1. *Das Rheingold*; 2. *Die Walküre*; 3. *Siegfried*; 4. *Götterdämmerung*. The music to *Das Rheingold* (*The Rhine Gold*) is completed, printed and published; long fragments from the other parts have been performed at Wagner's concerts. We cannot quite understand why, at the end of the preface, Wagner frightens his reader with the assertion that he hardly hopes to have enough leisure and inclination left to finish the composition of the music, or, in the face of this, he has already assured us, in the first page, that he is convinced "of the possibility of a complete musical and dramatic performance of the

work, and of the actual success of the undertaking." For this the completion of the music is, at any rate, indispensable, and consequently, we look forward to it with a reassured mind. Let us now see how the author has conceived his work, and how he would like to have it performed. Thank heavens, he says very plainly what he means, so that we cannot anywhere misinterpret his words. Two fundamental truths proudly stalk, side by side, through the preface from beginning to end. Firstly, that everything generally known under the name of "German Opera" is fit only to perish; and secondly, that Wagner's *Nibelungen* is an extraordinary work, for the representation of which no trouble and no sacrifice can be too great. Wagner sits enthroned in the preface like the Almighty on the day of Judgment; on his right hand he places the Wagnerian operas, as the sole good ones; on his left, all others, for the sulphurous pit. He calls opera, without more ado, "the worst public art-institute" existing, "An art-institute which deeply compromises and ruins the musical taste of the Germans." "With the complete stillesness* of German opera," he goes on to say, "and the almost grotesque incorrectness of its efforts, we cannot entertain the hope of meeting corporately at a principal theatre art resources trained to higher tasks than usual; the author who thinks of carrying out, in this most neglected department of public art, anything with a serious purpose and of more than ordinary value, finds nothing to support him except the real talent of individual singers, who, taught, however, in no school, and guided by no style in their performance, are to be found only here and there, seldom—for, on the whole, the talent of the Germans is, in this respect, but insignificant—and completely left to themselves." Consequently, for "something more than ordinary value," like the *Nibelungen*, there is no other plan available than to collect, at one point, the best singers from all German theatres, to study and perform Wagner's last work.

The extraordinary blessings which must result from such a monster performance for the whole system of the cultivation of music in Germany, are depicted by Wagner with convincing eloquence. In the first place, how advantageous it would be for the artists, "to have for a certain period to occupy themselves only with one thing, and not be interrupted in their studies by any of their usual operative labours, diverting them therefrom." "The result of this concentration of their mental faculties on one style, and one object is, of itself, not to be estimated highly enough." Nothing can be more obvious. Up to the present time, artists, when studying Wagner's operas, have always been "interrupted" and "diverted," by the interpolation of works by Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, and such-like "usual operative labours." To sing for a certain period nothing but Wagner's music must necessarily produce all the more salutary effect upon our wretched German vocalists, as this "certain period" would evidently prove a very long period. If the best singers are compelled to take all the trouble in the world for months together to learn by heart the three-act *Tristan*, it is not in a short time that they will study perfectly an opera of the same style, requiring four nights for its performance. When Wagner praises the artistic advantage attendant on this concentration of all the artists' "mental faculties," he does not go far enough. The physical advantage, also, which the continuous rehearsal and performance of a four-days' opera would have for the vocal powers can be no trifling one. We cannot imagine anything more strengthening and more healthy for a tenor or a prima donna than the act of singing for three successive evenings the part of Siegfried or that of Brunhild. If our singers are at present half killed after only one performance of a Wagnerian work, the sole reason of this is the system hitherto pursued of frittering away their powers by degrees.

Wagner wants a theatre built expressly for his *Nibelungen*. "It is only in this manner that the scenic and decorative representation could be well and appropriately carried out," while an opportunity would be at last afforded the scene-painter and machinist "of dis-

* If it be objected that "stillesness" is not English, we reply, what then? We know it is not English, but it is an equivalent for Herr Wagner's word, "Stilloskeit," which is not German, and for this reason we coined "Stillesness." Indeed, we may as well warn our readers at once that, if they want pure English, they will not find it in our translation of Herr Wagner's prose or verse. To give a faithful version of what proceeds from the pen of the great Prophet of the Future, we are compelled, as everyone acquainted with the German original knows, to indulge only too often in strange neologisms and barbarous phraseology.—TRANSLATOR.

* Translated from the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*, by J. V. Bridgeman, expressly for the *Musical World*.

playing their art as *real art*." This second advantage, also, is obvious. When painter and machinist shall have actually executed all the scenic trifles which Wagner wishes to have worked out in the four parts of the *Nibelungen*, they will have proved their art to be not only "real art," but downright magic. Not one of them can possibly fail to obtain his diploma as "real Royal operatic necromancer."

For the orchestra, too, Wagner has imagined a beneficial measure of reform in his *Nibelungen*. The "movements of the musicians affect him," it appears, "nearly quite as *woefully*"* as the cords and ropes of the scenery." The "inviability of the orchestra" constitutes one of the principal advantages of the "theatre constructed especially for the occasion." The proposal must meet with the approval of every reasonable being; to witness the noise of Wagner's opera is indeed "woeful;" the instrumentation hurts the eyes. But now comes the greatest gain of all, advantage No. 4, namely, the impression the *Nibelungen* opera must produce upon the public. On the latter, who "have hitherto been accustomed to seek a source of thoughtless amusement in the exceedingly doubtful exhibitions of this ambiguous branch of art," there would "dawn a comprehension"† to which they have, up to the present time, been strangers, nay, which has been absolutely impossible. The spectator will now "arrive at the beneficial feeling of the facile activity of a hitherto unknown power of conception, filling him with novel warmth, and illuminating the light by which he plainly perceives things of which he has previously had no suspicion." Wagner here again says rather too little than too much, since it is not the actual *Nibelungen* performance, but the mere perusal of the "preface" which illuminates lights and displays things of which we have previously had no suspicion. "The effects produced upon the general mass," Wagner goes on to observe in reference to his projected operatic performances, "cannot be estimated too highly." "The assurance has frequently been given to me personally that the fact of listening to an especially good performance of my *Lohengrin* has produced in an individual a complete revision of taste and tendency, and that the then director of the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, a man of an artistic mind (Herr Eckert), was emboldened by the successful career of this opera to produce, with a chance of also being successful, serious works, of a more significant character than usual, belonging to the department of opera, and which had long disappeared before the enervated taste of the public."

No one will dare to doubt an assertion of Herr Wagner; but yet, for the sake of shameless opponents, it would not have been undesirable for Wagner to have corroborated the second sentence of his *Lohengrin* apology by a few valid proofs. In our very exact notices we have not been able to discover a single classical opera which had "long disappeared before the enervated taste of the public," and the revival of which in Vienna was, in the most remote degree, connected with Wagner's *Lohengrin*. Wagner, when praising, with especial reference to Vienna, the purifying and "converting" power of his *Lohengrin*, meant, perhaps, to say that the influence exerted by that work was immediately apparent in the character of the novelties subsequently produced by Eckert. The novelties produced under that gentleman's direction after *Lohengrin* (19th August, 1858) were:—*La Reine Topaz*, by Massé; *The Rose of Castile*, by Balfe; *Diana von Solange*, by Duke Ernest; and *Il Trovatore*, by Verdi; followed immediately after Eckert's retirement, by *Rigoletto*. There is no documentary evidence to prove any other kind of influence exerted by *Lohengrin* upon the Vienna repertory. But how does this slight historical error of Wagner vanish before the irrefutable truth of his prophecies! Who, for instance, can doubt that, after an exclusively *Nibelungen* season, such as is projected by Wagner, "It would be impossible for our performers to fall entirely back into the groove of their former habits," or that the "artistic governing-bodies and artists" who flocked in from all countries must receive an impression which "could not possibly remain completely without influence upon their own subsequent artistic efforts." We should, in fact, arrive most speedily at that happy epoch when all singers would sing *Wagnerially*; all drama-

tists write *Wagnerially*; all composers compose *Wagnerially*; and all managers manage their theatres *Wagnerially*. Could there be any sacrifice so great which we would not joyfully make to obtain so universal a blessing! That, indeed, it would not be possible without trouble and expense to erect a new theatre for the *Nibelungen*, as, likewise, to obtain the best singers and instrumentalists in all Germany, and keep them together until they had studied and performed the four-evening opera, is a fact that Wagner readily admits. But he immediately suggests the means by which these difficulties are to be overcome. He perceives two ways open to him. The first is "an association of monied men and women with a love of art, for the purpose of obtaining the requisite funds." But, with the "petty" sentiments of the Germans, no success is, in Wagner's opinion, to be expected from such an appeal. And why not? It strikes us that the person whose sentiments are here "petty" is the master himself. With the converting power which he says is possessed by his *Lohengrin*, the number of the "converted" must be even more than sufficient to collect a few hundred thousand florins for a work which holds the same position relatively to *Lohengrin* that the Falls of Niagara hold to a glass of water! The second way would be for a German Prince to devote to the monster-performance of the *Nibelungen* the sum "which he has previously applied for the support of the worst public art-institute existing, namely, his operatic theatre, which so deeply compromises and ruins the musical taste of the Germans." "After I had shown him" (the Prince) continues Wagner, "what a most extraordinary influence he would thus be enabled to exert upon the morality of a branch of art which has hitherto degraded us, and what a creation of most peculiarly German art he could advantage, he would put aside the sum devoted to the support of opera in his capital, and, by so doing, found an institution which would gain for him an incalculable influence on German taste in art, on the development of German genius for art, and on the formation of a true and not obscure national spirit, while it would win for his name an undying reputation." This means that the Court of Vienna, Berlin, or Dresden should (for about a year, since no person competent to form an opinion can suppose the projected performance could be got up in a shorter period) close its operahouse and devote the sum usually set aside for the latter to a representation of the *Nibelungen*. Nothing could be more simple. But we must remind the reader that, according to Wagner's proposal, the best singers are to be collected from all the German theatres, so that the weight of the sacrifice would not rest exclusively upon the shoulders of any one Prince alone. Then again, the average sum a single "German Prince" allows annually for opera could not possibly suffice to build a new *Nibelungen* theatre, supply the most unheard-of machinery and scenery needed for it, and engage for ten or twelve months all the most eminent artists in Germany. However, this could offer no real difficulty. If the theatres were closed simultaneously in Vienna, Berlin, Munich, Dresden and Stuttgart, for one year, with the pecuniary and artistic resources thus available, Wagner's *Nibelungen* might, probably, be produced upon the stage, and the German people would willingly make up their mind not to hear, for the period just named, a note of Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Spohr, Cherubini, or any others of those who have propagated existing opera, which "is so gross an insult to all feeling for music as well as for drama." We are convinced that the only thing which stands in the way of convening the *Nibelungen* delegates is the non-completion of the Wagnerian score. Fortunately, all Wagner's opera-books are, as everyone knows, perfect dramatic poems even without the music, and can and should without more ado be performed as tragedies by actors. Consequently Richard Wagner has begun by presenting the public with a portion of his *Nibelungen*, that portion being: "The word, that is to say, most properly speaking, the word, without tone, nay, without sound, but merely the word put forth by types;" he offers: "to book-reading publicity a more dramatic poem, a poetical literary production."

We feel ourselves too weak and unworthy to pronounce an opinion on this wonderful drama. Let the task be reserved for those who are better qualified to execute it.

Were the Bayreuth art-horizon free from clouds, we should say to the young aspirants of both sexes for the honours of the German lyric stage: Study zealously during the next twelve months; be ready by August,

* "Wehsam" in the original. "Woefully" thus employed is Wagnerian for "painfully."—TRANSLATOR.

† The reader is respectfully requested by the victim of a despotic Editor—who threatens the writer of this appeal that he will have the whole of the *Nibelungen* Anglicised—to refer to the latter part of the note on the word, "Stillness."—TRANSLATOR.

1876; because, if nothing prevents the *Nibelungen* performances at Bayreuth, there will then be a grand opening for you. You will all be wanted. To employ the style of Mincing Lane and the parts thereto adjacent: There will be a brisk demand for sopranos and contraltos; tenors will fetch any price; and basses will rule very firm. And all this, thanks to Herr Richard Wagner!

But —

Herr Niemann, who was to have played one of the principal parts, has already, as they say in German, *einen Strich durch die Rechnung gemacht*. He has left Bayreuth in a huff. Others may follow his example, and then — will *Der Ring der Nibelungen* be performed even in 1876? R. K.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

SPEAKING of the Ghent Festival, the *Leipziger Illustrirte Zeitung* informs its readers that among the larger works executed were *The Seasons* by Haydn and the oratorio of *L'Escaut*, by — Beet-hoven! How about M. Peter Benoit?

THE manager of a French provincial theatre lately announced a performance in favour of the sufferers by the late inundations. The receipts were very large, but that manager only handed 20 per cent. of them to the Relief Fund. He evidently believes in the proverb which says that Charity begins at home.

In the eleventh volume of his *Correspondence*, published by Lacroix and Co., Paris, M. Proudhon expresses the following opinion concerning the subjects of King Leopold II. :—

"I consider that the atmosphere of Belgium renders the imagination sluggish, but that, at the same time, it develops in the inhabitants an aptitude for music. In a humid atmosphere the human voice is more tuneful and more sonorous; it invites one to sing." Is M. Proudhon right? Is M. Proudhon wrong? *Quien sabe?*

A REALLY precious work was lately found at an old bookseller's — that is, a seller of old books — in Florence. It was the first libretto of the very first opera ever written. Previously to writing *Euridice*, Ottavio Rinuccini wrote, in 1594, *Dafne*, though it was not till 1600 that Giorgio Marescotti published it in Florence. Both librettos, set to music by Peri, are exceedingly uncommon. The libretto now found is doubly valuable, first, as being so rare, and, secondly, as being mentioned by the *Accademia della Crusca*.

DURING the composer's last stay in Berlin, one of Wagner's friends, so it is reported, endeavoured to get him a post there. The Musician of the Future was delighted. Meanwhile, he received an invitation from the Baroness von S — to meet Prince Bismarck at her house. On being introduced to the famous Chancellor, Wagner made a deep bow, and said, "I regret exceedingly that fate has not placed me where I could live with the greatest statesman of the century." "I regret it, too," replied Bismarck; "but, as I have no chance of being summoned to Munich, things must remain unchanged." It is, perhaps, superfluous to add that the Prince is not a Wagnerite.

In future, *Mdlle Ilma de Murska* will, no doubt, be more careful in seeing that her dumb favourites are properly secured, before she goes upon the stage. A short time since, she was announced to sing, at a concert in San Francisco, the mad scene from *Lucia di Lammermoor*. On she came, in the most airy and elegant of summer toilets, and began the air. She was just executing certain *staccato* passages and chromatic runs, especially calculated to portray madness, when her two pet lap-dogs suddenly appeared unsummoned, and, after gambolling about for a short time, ensconced themselves comfortably on her train. The public at first smiled and then laughed outright. At length the lady perceived there was something wrong, and, looking round, caught a glimpse of her two — and too — faithful favourites. Suddenly stopping a series of marvellous shakes, she left the platform, followed by the dogs, who barked joyously as they made their *exeat*. After having had them properly secured under lock and key, the fair artist returned, and proceeded to go mad again incontinently.

THE KREUZSCHULE AT OBERAMMERGAU.

While the audacious mystification of the public lately attempted by a strolling company who went about Germany performing what they wanted to palm off as the *Oberammergau Passion-Play*, was properly prohibited by the authorities in the Protestant capital of the German Empire, the inhabitants of Oberammergau itself, who were not in the remotest degree connected with the speculation just mentioned, have long been busy preparing for another religious theatrical exhibition. They desired to revive the once usual performances of the *Kreuzschule*, or *School of the Cross*, a variety of the grand *Passion-Play*. They were more especially induced to take this step by the present which the King of Bavaria made them, not long ago, of a colossal cross, destined to adorn one of the eminences surrounding the place. In the *Kreuzschule* the relative importance of the dramatic portion and of the *tableaux vivants* is the reverse of what it is in the *Passionsspiel*, or *Passion-Play*. While, in the latter, the real dramatic action is based upon our Lord's passion, the subject selected for dramatic treatment in the *Kreuzschule* is taken from the Old Testament. The typical events of the Old Covenant constitute the drama, and the separate acts are illustrated by *tableaux vivants* portraying the Passion. In the last century, the *Kreuzschule* was usually performed two years before the *Passion-Play*, properly so called, to which it served as a preparatory course. It was subsequently transferred to the middle of the decennium separating one performance of the *Passionsspiel* from another. The same rule has been observed in the present instance, the summer of 1875 being selected for the revival. According to the original plan, the performances were to have commenced several weeks ago, but they had to be postponed as the consent of the Government had not arrived for them to take place. Doubts were probably entertained whether the performance of the *Kreuzschule* would not be an evasion of the legal regulation that the *Passionsspiel* should not be represented more than once in ten years, since in the *Kreuzschule*, as in the *Passionsspiel*, our Saviour is the principal figure, though, it is true, only of the *tableaux vivants*. At last the first performance, announced to the people of the neighbouring districts as the "grand rehearsal," came off on Sunday, the 11th June. The grand *Passion-Play* lasts from eight o'clock in the morning till five in the afternoon, but the performances of the *Kreuzschule* begin at 1 p.m., and do not last longer than an ordinary theatrical representation. The *Passion-Play* Theatre is contracted for the *Kreuzschule* to about a quarter of its usual size, so that both the actors and the audience are under cover. The text of the old *Kreuzschule*, represented for the last time in 1825, has been judiciously altered for the present occasion by the Rev. Herr Deisenberger, formerly priest of the place, who did so much for the *Passion-Play*. — *Berlin Echo*.

"WHEN YEARS AGO."*

When, years ago, a happy boy,
Straying on yonder shore,
With what delight, young, awed delight,
I'd list the wild waves roar.
And still the restless waters bound,
And dark their foam and spray,
The same, the same, unchanged in all,
As in my boyhood's day.
But I — ah! what to me is left
Of life's fresh feelings now —
The peaceful mind, the buoyant heart,
The calm, untroubled brow?
What now remains, ah! what remains
Of all I treasured then?
One vanished hope of that long past
Will ne'er revive again.
Ah! happy days, ah! happy days
Of bright, unclouded joy;
Could you vast sea but tide me back
The feelings of a boy.
Yes, still thy wondrous waters bound,
And still I love their roar;
But never can they charm me back
The dreams I dreamed of yore.

ADA LESTER.

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TWO LETTERS FROM BEETHOVEN.*

I.

To Breitkopf and Härtel, Leipsic.

Baden, 23rd September.

For a considerable time past I have been expecting a letter from you, but in vain. On the 1st August, they wrote to me from Leipsic saying you were not in town: since the epoch, however, when I wrote you that fearfully long letter of mine, I have had no answer, yet have one I must. I have not yet been able to forward you the songs forming part of the 2nd Issue, not knowing myself, in consequence of my eagerness for you to get them, which are those I have already sent. Of the 3rd Issue, I have nothing more than the *Grand Characteristic Sonata*, and the *Italian Songs*, which are at your service. I am, therefore, impatiently awaiting a satisfactory reply from you, as our post-office is managed quite as badly as in other countries, may I request that you will write, besides my address, the following address on a special envelope. "To be given to Herr von Oliva, at Offenheim and Herz's, Countrymen's Market-Place," as in summer and in autumn, I am rarely in Vienna, this will be the safest way, I hope soon to receive a few lines from you. Yours very truly,

BEETHOVEN.

The above letter was written in 1810. "The songs forming part of the Second Issue" can be no others than those published in 1811, under Op. 83. The *Grand Characteristic Sonata* is that bearing the Opus Number 81. The *Italian Airs* appeared in 1811, as Op. 82.

II.

To C. T. Peters, Leipsic.

My very dear Sir,—I deplore the loss your family has just experienced, and I participate, with all my heart, in your sorrow, may time diminish its bitterness. I beg to inform you, as to what concerns us two, that there left here last Saturday *three airs, six bagatelles, and a tattoo*, instead of a *march*, you will forgive me the delay, and I venture to hope you will not accuse me of having committed a bad action deliberately, to-day I confided to the post the two *tattoos* that were still wanting, and the fourth *grand march*, it struck me that it would be better for me to send you instead of *four marches, one march and three tattoos*, the more especially as the latter will do for *marches*, the heads of the military bands are the best judges of that matter, arrangements, too, may be made for the piano. To what an extent I behave like an artist, you will see by the *airs*, one of them is accompanied by two *clarinets, a cor, alto, and violoncello*, and is sung, either without the piano, with the accompaniment of these instruments, or with the piano and without these instruments. The second *air* has an accompaniment of two *clarinets, of two horns, and of two bassoons*, and is sung similarly with an accompaniment of these instruments or of the piano alone, the two *airs* are with choruses, and the third is an *arietta* tolerably developed with accompaniment of the piano alone; I hope you are now easy, and I should regret extremely if these delays were imputed to my unwillingness or fault. But the hour, for the post, presses, till Wednesday next I will write to you at greater length about the quartet for piano and violin. I will also write to you about the mass, I beg you, also, with respect to the two trifles which you have received besides, to send the order for 16 fl., as heretofore, to myself, I can send to Herr Meissel, being extremely overburdened with work and still always indisposed, till Wednesday. May Heaven aid you to support your sorrow, who has not suffered similar poignant losses, and who does not like to bewail them?

With all my heart, I embrace you. Yours very truly,

BEETHOVEN.

The *airs* to which reference is made in the above letter are Op. 121b, Op. 122, and the *Ariette* entitled "The Kiss." Beethoven subsequently modified the instrumentation of Op. 121. The six

* From the *Guide Musical*. † Sic.

These letters are translated as literally as possible, and the punctuation is exactly the same as in the German. It is to be regretted that we cannot reproduce in the translation the orthographic faults of the original, for there are such faults, and very picturesque ones into the bargain.

Trifles bear the No. 126 in the master's works. Of the three *Tattoos*, one only has been engraved. The *March* (in D major) is still in existence, arranged for the piano and two hands, and was published at Cappi and Czerny's, Vienna. As for the *Piano Quartet* and other works mentioned in the letter, it is not known what has become of them. Let all possessors of manuscripts bear this fact in mind.

According to a manuscript note of Peters, this letter was written in 1823.

A MODEST MUSICIAN.

(To the Editor of "The Daily Telegraph.")

SIR,—There has been great indignation aroused by the notice of my violin recital, which appeared in yours of yesterday. As an old stager, I can afford to laugh at such criticism; however, it is not so with the general public. The entire paragraph is an *Artistic Libel*, intended to be personally and commercially injurious to me! Now, as a man and an artist, who can count his friends and admirers by the thousands, I am not going to submit tamely and bow my head! Your reporter confesses to a "Serious feeling of disappointment" at the performance. Now, Mr Editor, how can that be? Lord Harrington, a great *connoisseur*! was present, and expressed himself most thoroughly delighted with the entire programme! Mr Cocks, the well-known music publisher was present, and said that since Paganini he had heard nothing like it. A gentleman who had known and heard Paganini also stated that in his opinion I was a GREATER artist!! And last, and certainly HIGHEST of all, Mr G. A. Macfarren!! the *English Beethoven*, was present!! and said, that for thirty years!! he had not enjoyed such a wonderful musical treat!!! Now, this will be sufficient at present to show you that *The Telegraph* has made a mistake. It can be proved by great witnesses that I am a most extraordinary and finished artist on the violin. I can bring all the people I have mentioned to "back up," this statement in a *Law Court*. Sir Julius Benedict, Mons. Riviere, and such men would come forward and assert that I can hold my own with any violinist that ever lived!! So!! make me an *amende honorable*! in your paper either to-morrow (Saturday) or Monday! and we will shake hands over the matter! if not! my friends have promised to subscribe £500 for me at twenty-four hours' notice! to proceed against you, when overwhelming evidence could be brought to show that the paragraph in question was not a *fair criticism*. I would employ the best man in the country to carry the matter through; and, as *The Telegraph* has such immense influence, I would lay my damages at 5,000 pounds. I am an old newspaper hand myself—so I imagine perhaps that you may not even have seen the notice—look it over!! and do as I ask you—for it would be ridiculous to let the papers suffer for the stupid spleen of the scurvy animal that you sent to disgrace us both!—Yours truly,

PAGANINI REDIVIVUS.

[The writer treats the whole matter so exhaustively that we cannot refuse him the advantage of publicity.—Ed. D. T.]

SWEET NIGHTINGALE.*

Sweet nightingale, thy soothing notes awaken
Thoughts of the past, when life was young and fair,
When light, as blossom on the greensward shaken,
The heart was buoyant and undimmed by care;
Untravelled then the world which some find hollow,
Unseen the future by the curious eye,
Unknown the path of life that one would follow,
Unfelt the anguish, and unheard the sigh.

In those young days the golden hues of morning
O'er life's bright scenes their radiant glory cast;
No gloomy sibyl with prophetic warning
Foretold that those bright visions would not last;
But as we watch the evening shadows banish
The last faint glimmer of expiring day:
So one by one our earthly prospects vanish,
And while we strive to grasp them melt away.

But, bird, thou singest when all else is dreary,
And charm'st the woodlands through night's darksome hours;
Thy voice is welcome to the spirit weary,
Yea, welcome art thou as the breath of flowers.
My bird of birds, sing on, and I will listen,
Will steal the hours that should be spent in sleep;—
What though thy numbers make the eyelids glisten,
My bird of beauty, eyes were made to weep!

* Copyright.

PARIS SCRAPS.

(From our Parisian Scraper.)

The weather here has been very hot, but not hot enough to prevent the Grand Opera from being full every time its doors are open. What matters it that the thermometer stands at ever so many degrees in the shade, and that the regular patrons of the establishment are doing the sea-side, or otherwise spending their *villeggiatura*? There are always plenty of Provincials and Foreigners eager to take their place. Among the Foreigners who have lately visited the theatre over which M. Halanzier presides, and with which, for the present, at least, Sig. Verdi respectfully declines having anything to do, may be mentioned a very illustrious specimen of the class. This is no less a personage than his Imperial Highness the Russian Grand-Duke and Grand-Admiral, rolled into one, Constantine. Like a naval officer related to him by marriage, in the British service, he is a great lover and patron of music. He went to hear *Les Huguenots*, and was present, two days afterwards, in M. Halanzier's private box, to witness a performance of M. Ambroise Thomas's *Hamlet*. Mlle de Reszké, who studied at the Imperial Conservatory of Music, St Petersburg, was the Ophelia, and Mlle Bloch, the Queen. His Imperial Highness was by no means chary of his applause.

The list of works to be produced at the Opera this season includes M. Mermet's *Jeanne d'Arc*. *Don Juan* is to be given at the end of September, or, at any rate, early in October, with Mlle Krauss as Donna Anna. The other parts will be cast thus: Don Juan, M. Faure; Leporello, M. Gailhard; Don Ottavio, M. Vergnet; Mazetto, M. Caron; the Commendatore, M. Bataille; Donna Elvira, Mad. Gueymard; and Zerlina, Mad. Carvalho.

The truth of the proverb: There is many a slip between the cup and the lip, has just received a striking illustration. The Ventadour, which was to have served as a new home for the Théâtre-Lyrique, is lost to M. Arsène Houssaye, who appeared almost certain of it. It has been secured by M. Léon Escudier, who will open it in April with Verdi's *Aida*, interpreted by Signore Stolz, Waldmann, Signori Masini, Pandolfini, and Medini. Sig. Muzio is named as conductor.

M. Arsène Houssaye is naturally somewhat discouraged by the turn affairs have taken, but he has not, as some papers assert, sent in his resignation as manager, because he has never been officially appointed to the post.

"The Spanish fleet thou canst not see, because
It is not yet in sight."

He cannot resign what he never possessed. So sure, however, was he of mounting the managerial throne, and obtaining the Ventadour, that he lately had Gluck's *Armide* put in rehearsal at the Conservatory, the use of which was kindly granted him by the proper authorities. He had, also, engaged Mr Henry Litoff as his conductor. What he will now do is not known.

Some persons have proposed that he should rent the Ventadour till it opens next April, with *Aida*. By that time, they say, a new Théâtre-Lyrique might be erected by a joint-stock company on some convenient spot between the Place de la Concorde and the Champs Elysées. So it might, but it would first be necessary to catch your limited liability company, and six months are scarcely sufficient to do this and build a first class theatre as well.

The artists of Paris came forward nobly in aid of the sufferers by the late inundations, and still continue their kindly exertions. Among the many performances recently given by them was one at the Théâtre de la Porte-Saint-Martin. One of the attractions in the programme was a *tombola*, or lottery, the first prize being a fine picture, "Sous Bois," for which the painter, Diaz, had refused 6,000 francs. It was gained by a gentleman of the *ouvrier* persuasion, who was up in the gallery, and was pleased to express himself gratified at his good fortune. A collection made in the house produced 440 francs, 70 centimes. Altogether the receipts amounted to between three and four thousand francs.

The Dramatic Authors' Society have just published their balance sheet for the year 1874-75. It appears that the total amount received was 2,304,526 francs. Of this sum, Paris contributed, 1,652,014; the suburbs (Banlieue), 68,547; the Departments and the Colonies, 488,681; Cafés-Concerts, 31,136; and

Foreign Countries, 64,198 francs. During the last ten years, Paris yielded 13,000,000 francs, while 4,000,000 only were derived from the Departments, the Colonies, and abroad. We are also informed that France possesses 542 theatres. Of these, 37 belong to Paris (*intra muros*); 13 to Paris (*extra muros*); 31 to Cafés-Chantants; and 461 to the Departments and the Colonies.

THE STAGE AND THE PRESS AT BERLIN IN DAYS GONE BY.*

On the 26th April, 1803, in the name of himself and the actors under him, Ifland presented to Count Haugwitz, Privy Councillor and Minister of State, a petition, begging him no longer to allow criticisms on the performances at the Royal National Theatre to appear in the weekly Berlin papers, but only in literary periodicals better suited for them. As a reason for this step, the petitioners mention emphatically the exceedingly one-sided criticisms, full of nothing but personalities, of *Spener's Journal*, which "is always trying to be witty, but which never instructs—which inflicts great and constantly-increasing injury, not merely on the individual members of the company, but on the art itself, as well as on all zeal displayed for it and all satisfaction taken in it." Nearly every newspaper, the petitioners assert, is a proof of what they say. "We are praised, blamed, made, as a rule, the butt of small jokes, bantered, and rendered ridiculous in the eyes of the entire public, just as it pleases a scribbler, who does nothing but try all he can to see things in a laughable light, and who indulges in petty jokes at our expense. This is the more insulting for us, as the wretched writer cannot disguise the party spirit of one who calculates, lengthens, shortens, or breaks off the standard of judgment governing his criticisms, which embrace and ridicule everything, in obedience to certain notorious relations, considerations, and specious reasons. Praised to day, blamed to-morrow; overwhelmed with small witticisms, which degenerate among the lower classes into nicknames, and exaggerations of all sorts, we at last do not know how to behave, how to get up and play our parts," etc.

To this a reply was returned on the 13th May, to the effect that the entire prohibition of theatrical criticisms in the Berlin papers was incompatible with the freedom of the Press existing in Prussia. But, for the satisfaction of the complaining actors, the publishers of newspapers were expressly enjoined, on pain of official reproof, to refrain for the future in their notices from all insulting attacks, bitter remarks, and degrading observations.

How, a few years previously, a theatrical manager handled a critic who did not please him may be seen from the following letter:—

"Mister (I cannot call you: Professor) Newspaper-Scribe!—In *Voss's Paper* of to-day, you have attacked me, my management, and my Theatre in the most unworthy and the most unjustifiable manner. I am too old to allow myself to be annoyed by an atrobilions being like you. I have suffered too long as a martyr for art. Who first produced *Minna von Barnhelm*? Döbelin! Who first brought out, and in manuscript too, *Emilia Galotti*? Döbelin, in Brunswick. Who was the German who had the courage to reproduce *Nathan der Weise*, in a manner worthy of such a work, with new scenery and dresses? The same D—, whom you have so unjustifiably attacked.

"For Heaven's sake, learn to know me better, or you will go too far, and then cease to write notices and play the criticaster.

"May God — me, if you obtain the free pass which young Herr Voss tried to get for you from me.

"Farewell, and reform. Such is the wish of one whom you have mortally insulted, and whom you have endeavoured to rob of his bread.

"DÖBELIN."

"Berlin, the 16th November, 1784."

FLORENCE.—Sig. Emanuele Biletta's opera, *Rosa di Firenze*, already successfully represented in Paris, will be produced this autumn at the Teatro Principe Umberto.

MAYENCE.—The National Hungarian Orchestra, under the direction of M. Josef Barres, have been giving concerts in the "Bierhalle zum Heiligen Geiste," formerly a church dating from the 15th century. Their repertory comprises 150 pieces, all which they play without music. After leaving here, they will visit Frankfort, Leipsic, Dresden, Berlin, Cologne, Brussels, Paris, and London. They will reach the British capital about December.

* From the *Theater-Chronik*.

WAIFS.

What wine is both food and drink?—Port with a crust.

Mad. Marie Sass has given two concerts at the Casino, Vichy.

Mr and Mrs Jewson are sojourning in Ramsgate for the season.

Nash & Nash, husband and wife, are attorneys in Columbia, U.S.

Miss Ada Swanborough has been suffering from rheumatism in the eye, which produces paralysis of the lid.

The Brussels Museum of Pictures, which had long been closed for repairs, is now again opened to the public.

Mr Alexander Reichardt arrived in London, from Boulogne, on Monday last, to attend the funeral of a friend.

Mr Harvey, the celebrated solo trombone player, has been appointed principal trombonist for next season at the Italian Opera.

Middle Samary, who gained the grand prize for comedy at the Conservatoire of Paris this year, has been engaged at the Théâtre-Français.

Three Orange, Conn., Irishmen stretched out in line measure 18 feet 9 inches, an average of 6 feet 3 inches each. The tallest wears No. 14 boots.

Mad. Parmentier (Teresa Milanollo) took part in a concert given at Bourbonne-les-Bains, for the benefit of the sufferers by the inundations in France.

M. Couturier, who gained the prize for operatic singing at the last examination at the Conservatory of Music, has just been engaged at the Grand Opera, Paris.

Amongst the objects of antique art lately discovered in Crete is a statue of Roman sculpture, believed to represent Metellus, the Roman general who conquered the island.

It was on the 25th Aug., 1830, that Auber's *Muette de Portici* was first produced at Brussels. The performance tended very considerably to precipitate the Belgian Revolution.

Portraits of Hannah More, George Stephenson, and Jeremy Bentham have been added to the National Portrait Gallery. They were bought at the recent sale of Mr Pickersgill's pictures.

The vacancy in the organistship of St Saviour's Church, Falkner Square, Liverpool, caused by the death of Mr Osmond, has been filled by the appointment of Mr James J. Monk to the post.

No one can deny that ladies now-a-days appear extremely musical, whatever they may be in reality, for they are frequently seen with their dresses covered with bugles and a brass band round their waist.

The French journals state that the band of the Life Guards are going to Paris in a few days, and, under the conduct of Mr Godfrey, the composer of the *Mabel* waltz, will give two concerts in aid of the inundated.

Buffalo Bill, as an aristocratic Southerner, created fearful havoc among the ladies of Long Branch. When his true character was discovered, the dear creatures looked right through him without seeing him.

A lady correspondent, who assumes to know how boys ought to be trained, writes as follows: "Oh, mothers! hunt out the soft, tender, genial side of your boys' nature." Mothers often do, with an old shoe.

There is not a proclamation of Napoleon to his soldiers in which glory is not mentioned, and duty forgotten; there is not an order of Wellington to his troops in which duty is not inculcated, nor one in which glory is alluded to.

Mr Barlow is at work upon the engraving of Mr Sant's portrait of the Queen and some of her children. His plate of John Phillip's great picture "La Gloria"—a Spanish wake—is, says the *Academy*, now in a somewhat advanced state.

Judge Fullerton, we learn from an American paper, is fishing on his Virginia estate. The American editor's moral on the fact is, that Judge Fullerton's lines are laid in pleasanter places than they were, even if the fish are not as big as formerly.

Sir Julius Benedict will open, with the Royal Italian Opera Company, the new Southminster Theatre at Edinburgh. The troupe will comprise Mdlles Albani and Thalberg. It is expected that the new theatre will be ready for opening early in November.

Pasquale Altavilla, the celebrated Neapolitan *Pulcinella*, or Punchinello, died on the 3rd inst., aged sixty-one. He was not only a most excellent low comedian, but also a most fertile comic author. In his work entitled *Italie est-elle la Terre des Morts?* and also in the article contributed by him to the *Tour du Monde*, M. Marc Monnier speaks of Altavilla with genuine enthusiasm, and does not hesitate comparing him to Molière himself.

The four largest libraries in the United States are:—The library of Congress, containing 274,000 volumes; the Boston public library, 274,000; Harvard University library, 198,000; and the New York Mercantile Library, of 155,120 volumes.

The proposal of M. Falguière, the sculptor, for the assistance of his unfortunate fellow-citizens at Toulouse, has been liberally responded to. Over 400 works of art, signed by some of the most eminent names, will shortly be offered to public competition.

Verdi's *Vêpres Siciliennes* appears to have become very popular lately. It has been given within the last few months at several large French provincial theatres; it has re-appeared on the Italian stage; and it was revived, the other day, at Barcelona, with Signora Mantilla, Signori Ugolini and Parboni in the principal parts.

The death of Samuel Priestly Taylor, one of the oldest organists in America, is reported in the *New York Sun*. Mr Taylor was born at London in 1779, and was the eldest son of the Rev. James Taylor, a well-known clergyman in the latter part of the eighteenth century. He was taught music by Whittaker, and Dr Russell of Oxford, and before he was seven years old, sang in the choir in Surrey Chapel.

Langian, of the *New York World*, in a poem on a plumber, depicts the hero's mildest act thus:

"Would," said he, as he drew the bill,

"My father were alive!

10lb. of solder at 10c.,

\$1.75."

Schubert's Mass in G, which has been for some time in rehearsal by the Choral Society meeting at 48, Oxford Street, Liverpool, under the conductorship of Mr James J. Monk, has given place to Mendelssohn's *Lorely*; and it is said the chorists intend shortly to take in hand Sullivan's humorous cantata, *Trial by Jury*, and Hiles's cantata, *The Crusaders*. The axiom anent variety is evidently respected by the society.

HAMILTON'S DIORAMA.—To any one desirous of an autumn tour, on strictly economical principles, an opportunity is presented of a "run to America and back," by the Messrs Hamilton, at present located at St James's Hall. Many of the pleasantest spots "over the water" are reproduced in a most artistic manner; and, under the genial guidance of Mr Arthur Matthison, a pleasant and profitable trip may be enjoyed, without the discomforts of a sea voyage.

Sig. Boucheron, Chapel Master of the Cathedral, Milan, proposes publishing the catalogue of all the musical works preserved in the archives of the sacred edifice. The catalogue will form a sort of musical history of the metropolitan chapel of Milan, a history which deserves to be written, as was that of the Chapel of St Mark, Venice, by Sig. Francesco Caffi. There is no want of documents, and the sacred compositions of the musicians who, from the time of Franchino Gafforio, have directed the music of the Milan Cathedral, are full of interest. At Milan, nearly all these musicians have been Italians, while, in most of the other musical towns throughout the Peninsula, during the 15th and the 16th century, recourse was generally had to the Flemings.

The people of Florence are preparing for the celebration of the 400th anniversary of the birth of their illustrious citizen, Michael Angelo Buonarroti. The festival is to be held on the 12th, 13th, and 14th of next month. On Sunday, the 12th, the citizens and rural inhabitants of Tuscany, by their representatives, will meet in the cloisters of Santa Croce to do homage at the tomb of the great artist; after which a visit will be paid to the house of Buonarroti, where he was born, followed by the inauguration of a monument in a square to bear his name. On Monday will take place the inauguration of the tribune of the "David," and the exhibition of the works of Michael Angelo in the Academy of Fine Arts, when a concert, vocal and instrumental, will be given. On Tuesday the *fête* will close with a meeting of Academicians in the Senate hall.

The late ex-Emperor, Ferdinand of Austria, taking shelter one day, in a Styrian farmer's, from a storm, found the farmer's wife just putting on the table a good dinner of dumplings, made of rather coarse flour. The Emperor was invited to partake, which he not only did heartily, to the horror of his attendants, but insisted ever afterwards on having similar dumplings of coarse flour brought up to his own table. His physicians prohibited this, and he was told he should not and could not have these dumplings, to which he replied that in that case the machinery of State must stand still, for nothing should be done until he received his dumplings. Again, at a council of Ministers, when a long report of great moment was being read, the Emperor, who was sitting at an open window, appeared to give the most earnest attention for hours, but, when the minister had at length finished, he only said, "Four hundred and twenty-five fiacres, and one hundred and eighty omnibuses have passed through the Hofburg during the last two hours."

All the places for the concert to be given at Dieppe by Mad. Adeline Patti for the benefit of the sufferers by the inundations in Normandy, and for the widows of Dieppe sailors, have been taken in advance, at 20 francs each.

In reference to the estate of the late Thomas Worrall Kelly, of 33, Beaumont Street, Portland Square, who died a widower without any known relations, Mr E. Baggallay applied in the Court of Probate a short time since, for letters of administration to be granted to the Solicitor of the Treasury. The will was dated the 25th of September, 1849, and the codicil, which was duly attested, was written on the same paper, and bears date October, 1857. It was as follows:—

"I, having neither kith nor kin,
Bequeath the whole I've named herein
To Harriet, my dearest wife,
To have and hold as hers for life;
While in good health and sound in mind,
This codicil I've undersigned.

"THOS. WORRALL KELLY."

His Lordship granted the letters of administration to Mr Stephenson, as asked.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—The great feature of next week's attractions will be the *fête* on Monday next, in aid of the Railway Provident Societies, which will be supported by excursions of railway officials and servants from all parts of the country. The entertainments on this occasion will be numerous and varied. The Jackley troupe of Russian gymnasts, Mackney, Howard Paul, the Payne family, the Clown Cricketers, and others, will contribute to the day's enjoyment. Wrestling, sword exercise, and boxing will be practised in the circus; Denayrouze's diving apparatus, and Holden's marionettes will tempt many of the visitors; in the afternoon their will be a balloon ascent, and in the evening a grand display of fireworks. Music will receive its due share of attention, and, in the course of two grand concerts, several military bands will reinforce those of the company. On Tuesday and Wednesday the Metropolitan Floral Society will hold a show of autumn cut flowers; and, on Tuesday, Mr Oxenford's popular drama, *The Two Orphans*, will be performed in the theatre, with the principal artists in their original characters. On Thursday, Maccabe, the popular ventriloquist, mimic, and character delineator, will give his new entertainment. On Saturday Offenbach's *opera bouffe*, *La Fille de Madame Angot*, will be performed by the company of the Opéra Comique, and in the evening, in consequence of its great success, the selection from the works of Handel, by the Company's band and choir, will be repeated. There will also be a final performance of Jullien's "British Army Quadrille," with the aid of the bands of the household troops.

One matter is deserving of notice. We have no less than six newspapers in London devoted exclusively to the musical art, and though some of these papers take weekly extracts from the *Figaro* upon all sorts of subjects, not one has dared to mention a word for the poor players. The reason is obvious; they live as the sycophants of high-placed masters, they dare not offend the conductors. This fact discloses a state of things perfectly stupendous; a general newspaper is compelled to take up a brief which the leaders of musical opinion, from motives of false fear, timidly refuse. Musical men can draw their own conclusions from this. If from motives of fear or of pecuniary loss, these so-called musical journals pass over a crying evil, their opinions are of no weight whatever. I would gladly refer a case, for the full discussion of which I have not sufficient space, to a paper devoted to the art, but these precious journals are afraid. For myself, I have a rich reward. While I am received coldly by the people I have exposed, while I am subjected to petty snubs and insults from high quarters, every letter I receive, thanking me for my outspokenness in the cause of British and foreign artists, every communication I have from the poor starving instrumentalists, is more precious to me and more gratifying to an honourable man than all the little favours which the "guinea-pigs" can offer. I have no fears from them; they in their turn have to answer to a higher tribunal than their sweet selves and their much cherished pockets; they stand in virtuous awe of public opinion as expressed by the outspoken utterances of a free and independent press, and, if their *employés* be but firm, must eventually give way. When they do so, it will be better for themselves and for the art the cause of which they are never weary of vaunting.

DR HERMANN HÄRTEL.—We regret to state that this gentleman died, after long suffering, on the 4th inst. For forty years he had been a partner in the renowned musical publishing firm of Breitkopf and Härtel, in Leipzig. His brother, Herr Raimund Härtel, is now the sole surviving representative of the firm, the Breitkopf family having been long extinct.

VIENNA.

The Imperial Operahouse re-opened on the 8th inst., with *Don Juan*. Among the novelties to be produced this season is Herr Kretschmar's opera, *Die Folkunger*.

A statement has been going the round of the press, to the effect that Herr Jauner, manager of the Imperial Operahouse, has concluded with Wagner an engagement by which the composer undertakes to put all his operas on the stage himself, and conduct them personally. For this purpose he will come here on the 1st of November next, and reside here some months every succeeding year. Instead of a fixed remuneration of 1,500 or 2,000 florins, which he would otherwise have received, he will be entitled to 7 per cent. of the receipts arising from each performance, and this per centage will be continued to his heirs. It is not said whether the total or the net receipts are meant, nor for how long the per centage is to be enjoyed by his legatees.

M. Offenbach has written to say that the score of the new operetta, *Die Kreolin*, will soon be finished, and that the management of the Theater an der Wien may rely on having it by the commencement of autumn. It will not, however, be produced before December, for which month Mdle Geistinger, who plays the heroine, is engaged.

Herr Adalbert Michna, a member of the orchestra at the Imperial Operahouse, has had a two-act comic opera from his pen accepted by the manager of the German Landes-Theater, Prague. Its title is *Der Hauptmann von der Schaarwache*. It is founded on the French piece known as *Le Chevalier du Guet*, which has figured in the London playbills as *The Captain of the Watch*. Herr Michna is the second member of the orchestra at the Imperial Operahouse whose work will have been first produced at Prague, *Das Landhaus in Meudon*, by his colleague, Herr Käsmeyer, having originally been brought out there some years ago.

MANNHEIM.—Herr Karl Freund, formerly a popular operatic bass singer, died a short time since, in the public Lunatic Asylum. The body was given to the Heidelberg School of Anatomy for dissection.

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